



Thy fame and name! Let them enrol for ever  
 In lasting records of still lasting steel!  
 Do this ! ah this! and famous still persever!  
 Which in another Age<sup>5</sup> thy ghost  
 shall feel. Yet, howsoever, thou,  
 with me shall deal;  
 Thy beauty shall persever in my Verse *I*  
 And thine eyes' wound, which thine heart  
 would not heal!  
 And my complaints, which could not thine  
 heart pierce! And thine hard heart, thy  
 beauty's shameful stain!  
 And that foul stain, thine endless infamy !  
 So, though Thou still in record do remain,  
 The records reckon but thine  
 obloquy! When on the paper, which  
 my Passion bears,  
 Relenting readers, for my sake ! shed tears.

ELEGY      XV L



H, WERE my tears, as many writers' be,  
 Mere drops of ink proceeding from my pen!  
 Then in these sable weeds, you should not see  
 Me severed from society of men ! Ah me ! all  
 colours do mine eyes displease,  
 Save those two colours of pure white, and red!  
 And yet I dare not flourish it in these,  
 Because I cannot! For my colour's dead,  
 Those colours flourish round about each where,

But chiefly with my Mistress, in their kind :